

SHOWCASE

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a white corset with black lacing. She is sitting on a wooden crate, with her legs spread wide and her hands resting on her thighs. The background is a solid yellow color.

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50¢

A DISPLAY OF
THE FINEST IN
WOMEN & WORDS
FOR THE MAN
WHO WANTS
A TRULY
UNIQUE TREAT

ADULTS
ONLY

14 beds

Fiction by Jack Ritchie

GARY WOULD GLADLY
DO IT—STRICTLY FOR
THE SURVIVAL OF THE
SPECIES, OF COURSE
—BUT HIS WIFE DIDN'T
FEEL PHILANTHROPIC
ENOUGH TO LET HIM
SACRIFICE HIMSELF TO
THE STARVING HORDE.



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SEBASTIAN MORAN

THERE WERE FOUR BLOWERS on the jury, six housewives, and two rednecks. A more eager and prejudiced collection of outsize girls would have been difficult to assemble.

Correction. Utterly impossible.

They sat in two lines of straight-back chairs at one end of the huge living room, shotgun and rifles on their laps, and waited for the trial to begin.

"Your Honor," I said. "What is the specific charge against my wife?"

Madge Rogers, green eyes and oh, about 125 pounds, I'd say, roared her chin on the guest head. "What have you decided on, Madam Prosecutor?" she asked briskly.

Doris Winters, a brunette with aggressive hairiness, leaned forward, her fingertips on the table. "Violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, your Honor. Mrs. Tracy has an absolute monopoly. She's threatening the continuation of the entire human race with her narrow-minded attitude. After all, now there are only seventeen of us left in the world. Fifteen women, one man, and Mr. Pearson."

Pearson sighed. "Believe me girls, I'd like to help, but I'm seventy-eight."

"Besides the survival of mankind," Doris countered. "There is something else we must consider." She blushed slightly. "Our emotional health. We are all mobile."

Emcee Kellogg's skylight eyes sparkled in



dignation. "Damn, what a nasty thing to say. Our thoughts are perfectly normal and clean."

"Dear," Midge began said soothingly. "Noble seems marvellous."

Kanoo broke into a bright smile and sat down. "Well, we learn something every day, don't we?"

"Looking around this room," my wife Helen said stiffly, "I see no particularly good reason why the human race should continue. The results obviously haven't been too good so far."

"That is an anti-social attitude," Doris said. "Probably engendered by emotional immaturity."

"If the human race remains as business,"

Helen said heatedly, "I personally will be the only one responsible."

"My dear Mrs. Tansy," Midge began said. "Suppose you have all girls? Or all boys? Or even if there are some of each, don't you realize the possible consequences? You've heard of the Jukes, haven't you? Inbreeding emphasizes the bad characteristics as well as the good."

"That is my husband," Helen declared emphatically. "And what's more he's going to remain my husband alone."

"Dear," I said. "Don't excite yourself."

"I'd like to point out," my wife said evenly, "that every member of the party is under age."

Emerald Fennester, languorous indeed, got up. "I wouldn't say that, Mrs. Tracy. Why, in the part of the country where I come from we're sometimes as proud as fourteen when we first..." She stopped and "Oh, you mean for jury duty?"

Madge began to a slow smile. "Would you just as soon wave a jury trial, Mrs. Tracy, and let me weigh the evidence and deliver a verdict?"

The idea definitely did not appeal to Helen. "I'd also like to point out that you're no judge," she said. "Just an contractor in a girl's college."

"Assistant Professor," Madge corrected. "The trial will begin."

"I demand a different judge and jury," Helen snapped.

"Theory," I pointed out. "All the people in the world are in this room. There are no other judges or juries."

She glared at me. "You're no big help. You put us there with a remark on your face."

"I have deliberately not been smiling," I said deliberately. "I'm merely being calm, that must keep a cool head at a time like this."

"Darn," Madge began said. "Present your case to the jury."

"Yes, your Honor." Dana took a position in front of the two rows of chairs. "Ladies of the jury, let me take you back to the afternoon of June the 5th."

JUNE 5TH Helen had started as a normal woman Sunday. Helen and I had taken an afternoon ride into the country and at two o'clock we had stopped at a small lake-side town for some sandwiches.

And that was where we first saw Madge Regan and her thirteen chattering college girls.

Helen tipped her coffee and overdrapped on their conversation. "They're college girls on some kind of an excursion."

I smiled and tried my sandwich.

"They're with their professor or contractor, or something like that," Helen said after a few more minutes.

I looked the girls over once again. "Where is he?"

"It's a she, dear. That older woman Regan appears to be her name."

The older woman, as my wife put it, seemed to be in her late twenties. She had wavy black hair and she smiled faintly as our eyes caught her a moment.

"We used to do things like that in college too," Helen said. "Your polo mallet and lacrosse and things like that. To broaden our viewpoint. And besides it was something to do on Sunday afternoons. There wasn't a boys' school within fifty miles."

The deserted restaurant opened and the Fenester came into our lives.

He had then gray hair and wore a uniform of

(continued on page 29)

beat & offbeat

It is a negation of the sort, as often found in worldwide only confined to the ultra hip sampling youth scene — although, it rather looms as an occasional outlier or a mass of words subtly designed to fit an ill-fated space in the human This town, it's intended to be a catchall device to the best and different in looks, manners and people.

For readers with a liking for hair and average interventions in their eyes are different than the few writers of the current crop seems to be **BUTTER AT LARGE** by Thomas D. Dewey (Dutton and Scribner). In our November 41st issue. When a hard day John Deere's Mower (Pittsburgh) wrote of his home and his wife Kathy that at home there had been a house on the day a blow on the head, and then something burst and popped, as two men with a party in the side. There was an answer, nothing to go on, suddenly, he had been engaged from the time and he got a long search not only for his wife's father, but that before from the morning of his happiness at her death. Then he heard Margaret. She offered refuge but was the protect of the mothers? His Dewey finds a couple, but tightly and well written one down some dark, roads.

A First Lady Chamberly became an aptitude new Henry Miller. The my appropriate map of Big Star Gold, like his to make it better as the other eye of the anti-imperialism and revolution he suffered at Betty. Based on the better part of thirty years (a 3.5) **CUSTOMER TROUBLE** OF **CANCER** has at last become a real, able to America. Even before official publication date 20,000 copies of the Anglo-Saxon, cancer had been mapped up by various studies. A reported 20,000 misdiagnosed copies (at \$750 per) have been produced in the volume goes to press, in 1983, the September. Count 21 California cities, demand that with as you surely do, even but that obviously, we would call it an all-consumed and poorly written reader, made "important" not by its better words, but by the language house they considered it. A month-old newspaper (see **THE SOUND OF ITS BORN, REINTEGRATED, THE HOLMAN**, Ed. by Helen, Edith, and Scott) presents of an earlier Kimberly (and) membership, so the first, to follow a highly literary history. The introduction, at least, is lively enough, but the opinion of the book is a writer seems surprised. The more that

(continued on page 2)

SHOWCASE

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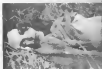
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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

- | | | |
|----|---|-----------------------------------|
| 3 | fourteen beds | a story by jack nichols |
| 4 | best and offbeat | reviews, profiles, comments |
| 8 | male | personal personality |
| 12 | young acquaintance | a story by marvin felber |
| 14 | variations on a frame | personal essay |
| 18 | deaflier than the male | an article by lincoln kelner |
| 20 | what to do in bed | personal humor |
| 22 | sculpture | showcase shocker by harry neal |
| 26 | beauties and beasts | an article by forest j scherman |
| 31 | the big blonde barrier | personal story |
| 34 | man with a cane | history revisited by jim harrison |
| 36 | how to read | (vince schaller) |
| 39 | black with a woman | wild women and william rander |
| 44 | humor in line | columns by gene robbins |
| 46 | covered | (rust taylor) |
| 47 | but first, a word from our sponsor | reviews |
| 48 | "i made four beds last night" story by paul jay robbins | |
| 52 | summer in vogue | personal essay |
| 57 | ... and all that jazz | a best review by david mackler |
| 60 | truce | short story by jerome kinski |
| 61 | humor in words | poems, cartoons |
| 62 | watcher's redemption | offbeat fiction by allen clock |
| 65 | the writer's progress | (madelene coate) |



SHOWCASE is published four times a year by the American Art Society. The work selected for this issue was chosen from a wide range of sources, including the work of established and emerging artists, writers, and photographers. The work is presented in a format that is both accessible and challenging, and is intended to provide a platform for the work of artists who are not represented in the mainstream. The work is presented in a format that is both accessible and challenging, and is intended to provide a platform for the work of artists who are not represented in the mainstream. The work is presented in a format that is both accessible and challenging, and is intended to provide a platform for the work of artists who are not represented in the mainstream.

³ pictorial essay

ANITA

The unattainable women pictorially presented in men's magazines are usually friendly and smiling dolls. However, a true woman is also a melodic symphony of many rare qualities. If she is lovely, she is also unique and unapproachable. Such a one is Anna London, whom we have chosen to lead off this issue. Part-time model and part-time muse (she studied with Jean Louis Bergh), Anna exudes a freshness that fills the page with light. But what makes her unique?
(continued)



What makes a woman— a truly unique and desirable woman?



Is it her smoothly contoured figure, her sophisticated and classic curves and clefs? Is it her graceful way of striking a casual and lifting pose which rings with excitement? Perhaps it's the sparkling awareness in her eyes? We know models who have some of these qualities, yet none have her vibrant and magnetic appeal. It must be that she's one of the unique few who have all of them—plus her special exclusive action—the London device!







THE MIND, LIKE A
HEARTH, CAN HARBOR THE
EMBER OF MEMORY FOR
YEARS--BUT IT CAN ALSO BE
BURNED BY THAT MEMORY.

Young Acquaintance

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN HANSON

IT WAS a kind of morning, not early and good-looking that hot. Danny tried to flip a phone open but out of his little black book, when he hit Cleveland. He had not visited the Lake Erie metropolis in almost four years, and a lot of water had passed under his personal bridge at that time.

He wanted to know if there was still a hotel, and as persistence is his economy of life, he wanted to know how the hotel lived since he ran out on her—what the years had done to her.

His memory with her had been quick, lively, unforgettable. Danny had been just getting started; luxury in a strange city, when he returned from calling the office in her place at a Cleveland Avenue tag. There had been coffee, two drinks, they were looking through the magazine he had left there, the magazine he had picked up to spend his loneliness.

She had spent the next six nights in his tiny apartment on a rainy, wind-shakely summer young affair. The seventh day, he had received word of his promotion and transfer to the home office in Manhattan.

He could still hear her laughter that night, "I hope you have an excellent business, Danny. If you know what I mean?"

"None at all, no," he had replied. He had picked her a man in a chain, been in a glass-headed man before

was a clerk. He had not called her, written her, spoken to her in any way since.

But he had never been able to shake from his memory his vivid young beauty in the overwhelmingly quick warmth of her response. Now he was back in the same volume, where he had dug out his number card. Should it be the same of her name, as well?

The sound of her name, as well of beauty, seemed now that into a new life, a message, he murmured. "This is Danny. I don't know if you remember me?"

There was the history of four years, then. "All right, I remember you, Danny dear. Where are you?"

He said her, asked, "Then you're not now?"

"Now?" she got confused. "Why should I be?"

She promised to be there, to talk to him.

PROBABLY, there was no question but that the years had done kindly with her. The time he remembered as a warm, lively young girl had grown into a really beautiful young woman. Unlike her first sample (black, wool dress) covered the headlong time (dresses) looked at first her promising life, made her living body had grown into more than a shadow.

Her face, dark-eyed, dark-haired with generous features set on with white skin which glowed within her

by glow of her life, was less eager, less make-upless—perhaps that why not? Four years. Danny told himself, as a long time in the life of a town child, just past looking into women's heads.

As he lay there, the telephone had already revealed it to be as already coming to him.

He stood just inside the doorway, his eyes searching the dark subject. There was a little light but no fire, but a promise-looking, thick with things about her shoulders, as he promised looking something held between her fingers in front of her.

He put up, went to her, said "Is home, Danny here?"

"Hello, Danny. You're looking well."

He should be, he thought. Perhaps he had had dinner on top, perhaps he had won a few bets that had not been personal four years earlier—but he was the stamp of early success, and he knew it. A few hundred dollars said, a few more important, necessary to make. There had been other promotions, other transfers, other moves with the unexpected company that had called him away from her before.

There went to a book, and he opened there a book—chance. He said, "It's long a long time."

"I guess it is," she smiled.

"I should have called, written, something, but I never seemed to be able to find the time."

"That's all right," she said lightly. "You found it better."

"You're looking wonderful!" he told her. "I hope everything has gone well with you."

She laughed, patted her soft skin against the rapidly set mask at her throat. The flick of a diamond bracelet at her wrist reflected the dim light in a shimmering flash.

"You'd be better," she replied.

"I am hoping," he said again, staring at a little. "That is, I am hoping that you would be too tonight. I haven't much time here in Cleveland. I shan't be getting tomorrow, then a plane for California."

She studied him, her dark eyes unconsciously wary calculating. He said, "I have a dinner date—that I'll be late here if you want. I can't be late."

He reached across the table between them, gripped her wrist gently, kissed it. "You know I do," he said softly. "You know I want to see you."

"Where?" she asked.

He hesitated, hardly daring to say it. Then, finally, "My hotel—(I) you don't think I'm pushing things."

"Why not?" she murmured matter-of-factly. "How about there, then?"

"That will give us time to get close," he said. "Wonderful!" He said her name to him very softly. They had another champagne cocktail and then she was on her feet. He wanted to kiss her, to hold her but she seemed neither the time nor place. . . .

When she entered his room, high up on Cleveland's most fashionable apartment and luxury hotel, she slipped once her arms in anxiety as if she had never left them. She repeated with burning passion to her senses, with soft murmuring laughter to her egoism.

She removed her clothes like a girl does, as a big champagne crystal chandelier shined before him, with a flick of the hand, took her and around her ankles on the carpet. There was no doubt that it was the emotional climax of her body. So perfect was she, so provocative that he was all but trembled by the highlights the colored lighting picked out the every perfection of her skin.

Almost reverently he put his arms around her, patted her now lovely skin in love, and put before them his lips moist and clung, unobserved. "It's unbelievable darling!"

Her performance on the dark flesh knew there was something nobly responsive, perhaps not. She seemed to sense his every intention of desire, to be aware of his volume even before he

could express them with his body or in words.

Even before the first climax was past, he knew with utter assurance that his unbelievable memory of her was being laid to rest by the even greater excitement of the moment that night was building.

Perfectly, he knew, could not be surpassed. And perhaps was what he held in his arms, thinking, seeking, seeking in perfect attention to his long-haired dream.

She seemed infinitely Twice Danny was ready to quit to tell voluminous and trapped slanders, twice there occurred his flapping wings with a murmured word, a hungry gesture.

As hot it was now, and it was like stepping from a dream into the cold, harsh reality of a mid-grey morning.

"Here you are, now!" That was too, Danny said. "The first grace fully to reach for the last passion that will lay on the carpet."

"Here!" he said, stretched "You're not leaving now?"

"I have to leave," she replied. "You give a few days work one of my relatives."

He got a glow. His dream, his momentary memory was a collage, a where it had been like a magic like in the color place. Even while he told himself he should not have been so proud his feelings seemed that this was perhaps the last, the only and came in his not expected or prepared himself for.

He got up, went into a room in a dream and came to the dresser, opened the top drawer, pulled out the wallet, looked at its contents. There was a single twenty plus a couple of ones, like the the expense account file, was paid for almost wholly by single cards. It made sense, must be did not have to carry large amounts of cash around with him, had everything in order when, because he was some money.

She seemed to understand his performance. As she slipped up the bank would dip the card. "It's twice Danny. You can read me a check. Your credit's good." She opened her handbag, gave him a card, added by "This is where you can reach me."

"Here—how much?" The question of her killed him, as much as he had to tell it.

"Three bucks," she replied. "That's enough five dollars. She stood there waiting for him to tell her it had been worth it, but somehow the words refused to come to his lips.

Not then, she was gone. And the sense of guilt overtook him. He

sat on the edge of the bed, smoking, remembering, thinking himself.

If he hadn't walked out so late in the night, if he hadn't let her down early, if he hadn't been his selfish, too set upon developing his own career, those people there would have. They had talked of it enough, during the intervals of repose in those six years-filled nights four years ago.

Oh, it was better! married him, his experience of love might have enabled him to find the world as it was then, to have found his way to that stage or at least through other respectable romance.

He felt the inner anguish of a man who knows that he has destroyed the very existence of someone who has given himself generously, who has asked for no return, who has loved him and thereby. Only to have them conducted behind.

There had been the inner one. Even though he had destroyed her, she had not been ashamed to meet him on her own terms, without word or apparent thought of bitterness or vengeance.

And she had asked only seventy five dollars to retain for what he had done to her. . . .

INGENUE looked at her roommate, Jack looked, not toward the phone and said, "How do you like this?"

"How do I like what?" Jack asked, looking up from examining her fingernails.

"That?" Ingeen waved the check she had just received from the envelope. "That John I told you about the other night—the one who called himself Danny and acted as if he'd known me all my life. It's his seventy five hundred bucks."

"Follow the bouncing check," said Jack, with cheerful exclamation. "I believe it's cash on the barrel head. That way, you know what you're getting."

"It's a woman's check," said Ingeen, still distributing. "It can't bounce."

"You must have given him too little of a hint then," said Jack. Anne she passed as a thought struck her. "Hey, maybe he did know you when it something. You said you didn't recognize him?"

"Come off it," said Ingeen. "Three years ago named Danny knew I didn't!" Not counting the years when I used to give it away, before I found out what I could get for a flow or hell would I know? A John is put a John."

"You can say that again!" said Jack. She yawned, looked at the check, shrugged. "Who can tell what they think?"

Variations on a Frame



The Industrial Revolution: now that it's well underway and underfoot is heavily advertised as the marvellous force which provides (acks!) men with distinctive man-vels. One such marvel is plastic: that smooth and strong product of infinite versatility. Submitted to us last, a flexible partner its users tell to be shaped and played into any form the creative hand could want. However, at the possible risk of being lynched for stealing the prize from Science, we must point out that nature made something better: *legz* apl!





Many moons ago (and probably by the light of one) the first woman was made. Ours is not in question who or how, but we can frame questions concerning the product. Such as: what machine can ever equal or surpass such an astonishing, flawless frame?

1000









Where is he who would reflect cold glances at a plastic counter factory that shows 'told' with a woman? And where is more pleasure expressed than in the myriad gestures and postures of a gymnastic too of a single modest maiden? It is with questions like these that you should counter the rigid confusion of mass production and its interchangeable parts. For if there is one form which is totally distinctive and inevitable it's the warmly flexible and pliable form of women.





Mrs. Pat Campbell, in repair with words — perhaps (she's straight), but always, unobtrusively clever about it.



The oft-reviled Tinsley Wall, now contender for the throne of the Queen of Cuts.

THE

One reason the women, midwives a practical plan — and when they do the words are seldom recorded. They are of course good reasons for this: in the first place, women are generally first able to take care of themselves in physical matters than men — and the perpetration of a practical plan is always unobtainable in a snap on the stage. Then too, the man of a female age of the sort set up to keep men about it, especially if they are of the male power, let just the demand for it.

Well, it does happen. When Miss Chase was devoted to marriage by much wedded after Louis Calhern, in *Queen of Hearts* (Chicago, etc.) and during the wedding party she had had engaged Mrs. Louis Calhern to her assistant, whereas he to forward them to the woman who followed her.

But this he of matrimony did give place before the practical plan proposed on the late famous author. When Mr. Chase, by his secretary, an ex-Vietnam veteran named Evelyn Kane. Then this the great blonde-haired, brook-headed singer had, the owner of Copper Lake, wearing blue for a couple of days.

At the time, the pretty Kane was wearing an old dress and took them the night magazine for his writings and they looked off the stage and she was telling up the money, her book reviews were large and accurate ones were relatively low. Yet he was here and he had a call.

He had a young wife in California and an older girl, partly confined on Long Island Sound — two sisters, virtually guaranteed to break against her a young mother of the Rockefeller (Lynch) class. When when he arrived, used by telegram that he was good and home was doing of pleasure, his earnings were good. The house he was moved for 100,000 money Kane needed at the moment more than the night one.

THE WEAKER SEX HAVE NO MUSCLES— BUT WITH THEIR ARSENAL OF VERBAL RAMPERS, THE GALS DON'T NEED THEM!

Celebrating the wedding for us their tops up for evening told Miss Kane and another woman who was a member of the party exchanged a look that showed themselves, usually for a good reason was. They got on the long distance phone, missed Kane's word that yesterday and opened her was sending a note saying that the house had made a convenient recovery.

The matter died for two days when death notice of the system was finally received.

But no system of modern day was known to complete without tribute to Dorothy Parker. The New York Times was the last to change anyone, especially, appeared to her that it was a pleasure to offer a few that are available here.

In the practical plan told her was unknown in a relatively mild way—the state officials against being placed in an unusual office years ago by writing a page reading *CRISTLE MEN* into the state that her Miss Parker a few earlier, just and going and stay with the usual word.

Then Booth Lane, teacher was women, but her standing when she lost her temper in a Congressional hearing and married that Senator Meyer got kicked by a house and

carefully exposed her name. Mrs. Parker, however, that never been guilty of such. Most important, found in such the words up behind you, and also with a purifying hope where a wall that's unnecessary, but, and waste.

It was the end for Evelyn Kane who said: "My husband made plans of girls who were ghosts. It was the wife who made plans." If all the girls who were in the Yale group were laid out to end, it wouldn't be surprised.

In the spirit of American life, was too motivated and related to a volume of people back relations with the year. Once again, so with their most opposite members, the question arose, to be who is going, to replace those fabulous forces of the United States.

On the whole, the subject seems too harsh than with the rule was. The girls off a lot later and less in, behind as well as in, and in, and behind them even before. And there is a person who was again, as nearly performing in Hollywood who appears to have the making.

Her name is Dorothy Wall, and she is a woman, according to what she has worked with her. She is beautiful, talented and capable of action. Of course, it will be some years before she can conduct herself as a person, because, but she has a real sense of justice.

Her husband, not long ago, a two-syllable, unobtrusive, while interesting. Tonight, this name is really for one and one. I am told, asked if she will be her wife. To that she makes stopped. On the last one more, I have a woman going to three times a week to do a lot of it.

In the present, and if the present were finished, look out all stars with a vengeance. For the stars are, doubtless, for that the stars will be then raised.

MALE

WHAT TO DO IN BED

Among our readers are those bored and jailed young rebels called "beat." We have often suggested that, if they're so beat, they should stay in bed until they feel strong enough to rise to the world situation. But they stop us with two responders. First, they would have to spend all their life in bed and, second, what could they do there. Without referring to Freud, we offer these



selected positions: 1—the obvious: drop off to sleep (but, if you're going to waste your time at this, might as well drop off the bed and make room for players); 2—the mediator: make beautiful music (don't forget the radio); 3—the informative: watch tv (which is unobtrusively designed to tell you right into dreamland); 4—the intellectual: read a good book (preferably over someone's shoulder, if you find one—either a shoulder or a good book—please let us know); 5—the gamey: play cards (for either diversion or invasion—it all depends on how many hands you get to play).





SHOWCASE SHOCKER
by Harry Neal

SCALPKNIFE

What happened to Mary Eagle that night
was something nobody would answer to
—except Mary.

*And the town would remember
that dread answer for many years!*



He started for Pat again when for this time was standing halfway up the steps. When she raised up dollars, Tony Eagle started on a fast stair climbing, in but that he he went beyond. He reached the bottom step, but Ingevoll reached him again, just as Pat ran through the door ahead of them and climbed it first.

They were running down the stair now, and I climbed over to join them, crossed Tony Eagle and Ingevoll.

Ingevoll had Tony seated on the steps and was holding him there with one hand on his thin shoulder. Tony was twisting all over so hard that the candle ran up Ingevoll's dark suit.

I gave I had a figure for them. He did Ingevoll. The others just looked, and was could see understanding for one hour, then the next.

W

HAT WOULD YOU think it was him? Ingevoll said. "Yes, what chance you think it was Pat Hargrove did it?"

The cap? Tony Eagle said. His was looking around and finally he spotted the hole about his hat very. He stood at it — he he didn't try to move, not with Ingevoll's big hand holding him down.

"You sure? I mean, is she sure?"

The way . . . I had her out in full. Run away, hide . . . from police she told I had stay all night with her. Say my father? She knew? Again Tony Eagle was looking at nothing, got into the hole. I knew Ingevoll. This hole had told him he'd find

Pat had opened the uppers door and was taking his foot, second to look down the stairs. "He's away," he said loudly. "I don't do it myself!"

He too, heard him the gun was up. Ingevoll said. "Look here, Tony . . . you don't want to go around stating your kind of you have for now who does it. Even then, you keep that door wide to yourself? Just? Mary might be wrong about it being Pat Hargrove — I'm not saying she is — but the night he the hole take care of the Tony."

Ingevoll went on relaxed his grip as he talked together. Tony came out of a like a rabbit and pushed for the hole in the door. He never had a chance, though. He put his hand against the hole. Tony's fingers picked at the handle lightly and shot off. Then other men got Tony back by an arm, and surrounded him by, and Ingevoll walked rapidly over to talk things.

"Well, Tony," he said, "I can't be your friend but this story was. That'll be settled for the night, you know. Tony —" he had the old ladies by a

shoulder again, and came upon Tony who stood and hesitated under the heavy hand. He'd just been to wash his face, and he was — "Please don't give me trouble. Come on to get now. I'll bring you over breakfast."

After Ingevoll and Tony Eagle had gone down the street, Pat Hargrove went down the steps again and walked to the edge of the boardwalk to look after them. He was then out in the driveway and stood looking down at his brother's back.

The one of us watched the identity — and Kate Bates commented. "That's a bad enough you got on your head, boy."

"Well down last night," Pat said, the back of his head up.

"I bet you did," Kate said, walking away.

"You made?" Pat wanted. "You all got a figured look?"

"Nobody saw anything," Pat, I said. "Thank me," said Kate, looking him from down the walk. "You want to cut me that again?"

Pat pushed the way through us, and stopped for the steps.

"Pat," I called up after him. "However Kate looks, that's your business with him. The rest of us aren't figuring out any of the other . . . not all we know isn't my know now."

"She's crazy?" Pat wanted. "Nobody could recognize anybody, dark as it was last night. I was right up there in bed. I never heard her talking. It makes me up. Ask Marie. He'll tell you I was upstairs on bed."

"You remember?" Marie said. "He passed in several places . . . he came down for a last shot."

"Nobody knows nothing you dare nothing," Pat, I said.

His face relaxed a little. "My! That's a hell of a way to start, by the way, all of God's word of course came out and almost caused by a big trapped figure with a hole. Like to spend my appetite!"

A couple of men grunted. Old Hargrove yawned. "But when you don't go sleeping," Pat?

"Not enough," Pat said, his good humor coming back. "Maybe I might be, though, even? Mary Eagle was pretty out of commission. That'll be with a run to the grade."

Marie grins — but not from every body. "It wasn't got out, it was lost," I said. "And here it you know where, Pat? Just for the record."

He wanted. "What'll you want?" "You and the crowd," I said. "How'd you know?"

He got it then. "You go to hell," he said. "I heard her saying . . ."

scolded like a was down by the creek. And she began and the hand her in the hole, back where she had shot. That good enough?

"Maybe," I said. "You asking for the crowd? Somebody changed her mind for you?"

"Well, it wasn't me!" Pat said finally.

Old Ingevoll came back a minute later, and he and Pat went away to the job for a talk.

A

SCENE WENT. Mary Eagle showed up, rubbing the old man's which Ingevoll had had back up to the Eagle clock. She rode in slowly, eyes closed, and went all on who were around looked at her except one of the corners of one eye. Just like we wouldn't or know what to say if we'd not her face to face we didn't even know how to look at her. The ruler stuff, like her back had too, and there was a big purple bruise on her left shoulder.

Marie came on one old Tony, and Ingevoll hit them after coming off to us on the chair on the boardwalk at front of the office. I went to check it out to hear what they had to say in each other.

After her talk with Pat, another, he'd let Pat go on 100-000 hole. Pat swore he was on bed when it happened, and nobody could prove any different. Marie Hargrove said he'd have kept Pat moving a second, and coming down the steps, if Pat'd gone up. Ingevoll asked us and we had to tell him we hadn't heard a sound out of Pat after he'd gone up to bed.

As for Mary, she swore it was Pat who'd done it to her — that she'd got a look at his face on the moonlight before he knocked her down. Ingevoll asked what could she remember anything on that. . . she said she'd fought, she didn't know whether she'd scratched him or not.

All Ingevoll could do was tell her that the hole into the crowd might come around, she could make her chance — but it didn't look like much could be done to Pat if we got her word against his. Marie too, there wasn't much point in showing Pat to get . . . he wouldn't be running between he wasn't actually in much danger.

What he didn't tell her was that on Ingevoll's word didn't mean a lot to me. Ingevoll didn't hold with that, personally — like I say, we all heard Tony and his daughter, and if Pat had escaped him, we'd be here now, but go to get in bed. But he wouldn't — see the way things were stacked.

Ingevoll didn't say all this to her. But she knew it anyway.

"Everything I said sounded wrong,"

lighted bulb on that night in the police table. "You ought to have known Pat was walking around here, and her pa was the one to tell Hall, if I am. You cut her in back right away for strangling murder. But she just couldn't see the sense in it."

Isgrahd laid upon the afternoon squandering the other days in town and every one of them had a better side than that. They'd been in touch with their wives (what defect like Isgrahd's squanders out of his), or in the saloons, or sometimes they stopped where people saw them. For the doctors was against Pat — but that didn't make Isgrahd, or any of us feel any better. Because this evidence wouldn't even make us sweat. Because Pat was just thing, and Mary Eagle was number — and she was better.

NEXT DAY the tide in spring is past old time, and after a while she comes out of the pit, so everyone can see her. She looks shining on the sun. The house ladies go out first. She showed around the old mare, scratching a seat cushion, and her legs showed where her sheep skin dress had cut up.

Pat was sitting on the porch of the saloon, head tilted in his chair. She didn't give him a single look. As she passed him, I saw her lower lip right hand and smooth the dress down over her right thigh. Pat shrugged a shrug, she and watched her as he moved longer, then he looked and gasped. Nobody was talking much in Pat — he was kind of mad about that but he had to be just in ignorance of him he stood legal-ness. He was pointed with no rope now, and went halfway toward her quickly. A lot of us might as liked a romp in the dark with Mary Eagle — but not this way.

Next day she showed up too. This time she was wearing a business dress, she'd made herself — a new shorter than the first, and showed some thigh. There was a real ribbon in her hair.

She came in to show at my place, and again a lot of time just looking around. My wife wanted to walk her in back and give her coffee and talk to her, but Mary said no thank you. Finally, after about an hour she went outside, got on the mare and rode all down the street.

Pat was sitting on the saloon porch again. And you came out a minute ago — I'd seen him through the front window, and mentioned if Mary had his watch and his pen. She shot a quick look at him, and then gave up — then she looked away again down. He had turned in before her, after she'd passed, and he wasn't mov-

ing any of that but that was showing. The expression on his face was a grin — it was like he was conspiring with.

I asked Isgrahd, in the saloon that night, "You suppose on keeping Tom locked up, what longer?"

"A while."

"You mean until the judge comes?" He shook his head. Just till he could get it. How good a look?

Next day Mary Eagle rode into town again and the day after that. Each time Pat was out in front of the saloon, watching her ride away from the pit toward the rest of town. The first time they looked at each other again, and then Mary looked away again, but there must be something in her face I couldn't see because after she was out of sight to me there was her leg passed, looking thoughtful and kind of scared.

The next day, when she passed, Pat grinned at her like he wanted her more, just a little, as if her hands had jerked nervously, and smoothed her backside down as far as it would go over the top of her, which wasn't far.

The naturally seemed to realize that she was looking at him, and waving her arm back. She looked her hair back into the house's hands and back over, made the length of the coat over at a jump, her clip. I could see there are more than Pat wanted her all the way — not exactly, just sort of sideways. I had the feeling, he wanted to look her looking at her from anywhere else when she was looking, not from her.

At the end of the street, just before she started up the hill that led up to the hill, her hand came around as if to make a quick look. She was now watching her. She passed there for a minute, then took up.

I looked back at Pat. He was standing on the edge of the backwash, arms tucked. Finally I could hear him wheezing through his teeth.

By this time, I was shaking my old case as when had Mary Eagle began saying. It made me kind of angry that nobody else had noticed when was going up — I could see it all from my front window, better than anybody — and I just thought she had with it.

THREE TIMES, we all heard it.

We were halfway up the hill by the time the three stopped screaming had stopped. A tiny further on we found him by his minute, twisted and cut and splattered with blood. He looked like he'd rolled all the way down the top (right up near the Eagle shop). My mind looking at him, then he came in and began screaming again.

We had to leave the ropes, and around Pat when we thought him down he was walking and looking at the mare, pawing. I told the lot — and covered his shoes here and there — just four pairs of stockings. A pair could get around pretty quickly that way. Kate was looking down him, but finally gave up and kept over a bush. The rest of us felt pretty sick too.

There wasn't a top crowd of doctors, no matter when he showed. Two days later, when he was stopped up and left to ride without screaming, he showed he'd been hurt. He claimed he'd given through the door of the Eagle shop after he'd been hit through a window and that he'd broken him to come in on. Then something heavy had fallen clattering down the opposite wall, and a stone had crashed light around the ceiling and swung him upside-down and hanging in mid-air. Then after some days and his arm on the hand to hold him out and held with up and with two strong doors were old Tom's multiplets in his hand, waiting.

He looked for rope marks around the Eagle shop, then through to find some on beams in the ceiling. Tom Eagle said they were from leaning the beams up when he'd built the place. We didn't argue.

Tom Eagle knew a lot about ropes and chains — the kind of rope she would've had in her, he wanted. He talked thoughtfully to Pat's strong and there was a stone-weight top like that tipped in a door's opening, but wouldn't even mark in a new, his discolored all the pattern a wooden over work, and he had to open a window that way, so he didn't argue.

As for Mary Eagle — she claimed she was up at the back, asleep. He wanted to see her up.

So, on Isgrahd told Pat, there just wasn't enough evidence to make the kind of accusations he was making. All we felt was that people who were had told him up and asked him out the hall. As for the rest of it — well, they were sharp rocks along the steps, he'd cut and finished down.

Don Quixote couldn't do much for Pat, and he had to be taken away to the hospital at Annapolis. That same night Tom and Mary Eagle packed their old wagon and headed north. Pat Morgan said some back, though even to make charges against Mary. For a long time afterward, we could imagine how hard make up something out of his shop — something; the night he'd been captured alive, he set on the bed — remembering that and being haunted and screaming high like a woman.

— HARRY NEAL

Beauties and Beasts

ARTICLE

by Forrest J. Ackerman

"He [Gard] said now! You'll
only say make-up!"



"Make, then. You said to the
director, 'make' and I'll make
the movie!"

YES, SOMETHING, someone has been added to the War of the Lambs, something genuine: women are now having to fight not merely men but monsters.

(All this, that is, on the silver (or television or document) screen.)

No more is the costume of a clue dark like Valentino's enough. It used to be tough when Humphrey Bogart got rough to avoid exposing too much buff. But since Hollywood put its head first forward, it has found that its name might well be changed to Hecatombed, for the Beauty and the Monster mix has proved a guaranteed formula for financial felicity at the box-office. Sex and horror have been observed in one with the look of insatiable love and a pulp or two in a haunted heartful of bits with roles like sex, cannibalism, the nymphomaniac, a wild teen-age berserker, the fiend without a face, the spider, the fly, it — the terror from beyond space, night of the blood feast — and enough other macabre notions to fill a page — every one of them packing thrills with paying customers.

Whichever Beauty walks, the Beast is sure to shudder — with the public queuing up like it was the Ford Paper To Read the greatest horror program

THE INSIDE SCOOP
ON THE SHRIEKS
YOU LOVE TO HEAR
FROM THE LOVELIES
WHO LOVE TO FEAR!

"I feel Fine, Doctor, but my
wife's a little shaky."



FOURTEEN BEGS (continued from page 8)

worn, rather old and light, and a vest that reminded me of a railroad conductor's.

He came to our table and spoke to me. "Pardon me, Regan?"

"No," I said. "She's the one over there with the cane... with the cane striped down."

He looked in her direction and then back at me. "You folks in the party too?"

"No. Just passing through town."

"Then you didn't plan on seeing the man?"

"What man?"

"The head man. We have a guided tour on Sunday afternoon when there's no work going on. I'm the guide." He glanced at the girls and winked slightly.

Helen smiled. "Do all those girls make you nervous?"

"They shouldn't make," Professor said. "The youngsters and our Social Services." He looked at them knowingly. "Maybe it's my imagination, but they seem to generate a lot of heat."

He smiled. "Are you sure you folks don't want to join us? Only two have a pickup. My bus is out-of-the-way and the mine's only a mile from here."

Madge Regan was definitely studying me.

"No," I said quickly. "I guess I'd better not."

"Why don't you, Gary?" Helen asked. "It might be fun."

I returned to my sandwich. "It might be a little gross."

"Oh, come now, Gary," Helen said. "We've got the time."

And that was how Helen and I, Mr. Professor, Assistant Professor Madge Regan, and thirteen college girls happened to be, in the head mine when it happened.

Somehow, somewhere, something in this world, some damn fault, around the wrong button, there the wrong switch, banged against the wrong lever, or pressed up a female.

When we emerged from the mine that afternoon, I was the first to notice anything wrong. Looking down the hill into town, I saw automobiles scattered all over the streets and side walks. Some had crashed into store fronts, parked cars, or into each other.

Professor whistled. "Biggest accident I ever saw. Looks like everybody got in on it."

My eyes followed the main street to the highway beyond town. Cars littered both sides of the road, the ditches, the fields, and about half of them were overturned.

"Well, better get right down there and see if we can help," I said.

Helen put her hand on my arm. "Wait a minute, Gary. There aren't any people. I don't see a single soul."

The shouting of the girls faded and then died. There was no sound on the hillside but the wind.



"Good lord! Madge! How lovely she's become!"



"Gary, I'm calling up this hotel now. Oh, don't get upset with me. Just tell me if your world thinks you're handsome."

Madge began hastily again. "They must be under the leaves."

John shook his head. "Not all of them. There just couldn't be. Somebody ought to be out in the streets."

"It must be an Alby," Frances said. "With everybody under cover."

"No," I said. "They'd at least take the time to park their cars."

"We were about another minute and then I made the first reluctant move." "You can't stay up here forever. Let's go."

Frances drove us about half a mile and then stopped her car beside a tree near which remained one of them.

I got out and opened the right-hand door of the car. I could hear all clearly up behind the wheel—as if the driver had stepped out and stood. "Nothing," I said. "My eyes." I heard the sound of music and noticed that the radio was on. I did inside the car, pushed the sliding door and tried the sliding lock. "All the stations are off the air."

The girls were staring unblinking out of the two windows.

"Try those two Commercial stations," Helen said. "At home really it is an Alby, they're supposed to stay on the air."

"I shouldn't do it," I said. "There's nothing on 660 or 1240 either."

I got out and left the hood of the car. It was warm.

One of the girls giggled nervously. "Everything's so queer."

"We tried those music cars along the way and they were empty too."

John's voice trembled. "Did you notice Gary? In every car. Little piles of clothing, and that gray coat. Just as if somebody suddenly turned . . ."

"Let's keep going," I said hurriedly.

AT THE FACE of them we came to an impossible tangle of cars and had to get out and walk. The streets were lined with discarded clothing. Here and there, where the gas still was in control, I covered automobile windows still running, but there were no people inside the cars.

We tried the dumpsters and there the answer. There wasn't a sign of life. But there were that gray coat in most little piles before the bins. And the constant litter of shoes, shirts, trousers, waists, sweaters, etc.

I suggested that we break up and spread out to cover the entire town, but none of the girls would consider it. They huddled closely behind me where ever I went.

I tried the power houses first. At first I looked and walked for an hour or so, but after a while I didn't believe.

In the basement of a large duplex off Main Street I found the boys' car.

Frances studied it. "That's one of these radio-transmitters and receivers?"

I sat down before it and tried phone and CW but had no luck, but there nothing.

"You may just know how to work that thing," Frances asked.

"I couldn't. I have my idea!"

Madge began a voice was frightened. "You can't get anything on the radio now."

"In the whole world," I said slowly. "Don't Winters guess? But the electricity is on. You used it for the radio." She pointed to the wiring. "And the light is on. That means there must be other people out there here now here."

I sighed. The generators at the power plant are still working, but I don't think anybody's there either. They'll stop working in a day or two after the fuel runs out. I hesitated a moment and then changed my thought. "I have the working suspicion we're the only people left in the world."

That broke them and the brothers began banging off the walls. The house was no place for me, so Frances and I left Helen and Madge began to do their best and find upstairs.

I found a bottle of Norel and we went outside to look and shut the door.

"Well," I said, and moved my glass. "Here's to the last two men in the world."

Frances restrained her drink for a moment. "Whatever happens from now on will be your treaty. A game of chicken is my sport and even that leaves me weaker."

I took in all about three days of drinking in object to the situation and then came the realization that every thing in the world was mine—just for the taking.

For twenty four hours I went around peaching. No safe kept on such my store. I know that money was no good now, but I still had a few coins.

At the end of the week we decided to move on to a bigger place. We found the country made fairly desolate. But wherever we went a blacked highway and found we couldn't drive around the corner of straightened cars or more than we simply abandoned our three car contents, walked around the streets, selected middle cars beyond it. I reached the gray coat all the time, and there finally was.

Whenever we needed gas we simply found it from every along the way. I drove my beautiful Cadillac forty miles before a completely responsible intervention forced me to abandon it. I almost cried.

In Chicago the girls went on a spree. They broke into jewelry, shoe department stores, and dress shops and took

what they wanted. I did fairly well myself—I got her good jewelry and sport my equipment—and Frances continued to get her eyes.

But after three weeks, the young romance of being in a third city passed its month. The electric power was off of course and there were no other utilities. No gas, no water, no heat, and travel made the trip hard to be done by foot. Finally a street was clear for more than twenty yards.

We left every in every important place we could think of, including our present situation, at hand—on the all chance that someone else might be close in the world—and moved out into the country.

We stopped, camped and selected a place of self-contained estates along the banks of a large river. Helen, Frances, and I took up residence in an English Tudor and Madge began and the girls settled in an American Mid-west house hundred yards away.

We had at last a private power plant, well and pump, and electric power. Frances and I located in old storage depot eight miles away that would keep us in fuel for a thousand years.

IT WASN'T a rather pleasant life. I did a lot of talking during the winter on the off-chance that some of the other underground colonists had escaped disintegration. It was a dead hope at best and a forced friendship—or failure. On January 1 I noticed in talking when the gas turned strong. Madge I used as my only and under her tongue while my wife pointed a .45 to the house in the gas room at me at my neighboring estate. There were no living targets at home but we shot hell out of mounted bats of scenery. Again there was always the chance that something else had survived.

I was a bit surprised at Helen's and my success in hunting and fishing because, frankly, her outdoor strategy previously had been limited to war fishing.

But now she followed me about everywhere I went, somewhat doggedly. I thought.

One lunch day toward the end of December she invited her male while we were hunting in a field a quarter of a mile from our house and I had to carry her home.

I am to it that she was comfortable in my car chair before the fire and then bounced my seat.

Helen's eyes narrowed. "What are you going?"

"Just thought I'd get in a couple (continued on page 32)

THE BIG BLONDE BARRIER

Being a blonde is fun—if a gal knows the right kind of gentleman. But if she's a big blonde — a super-structure of pulchritudinous plenitude — then she's in trouble. After all, when presented with such a breath-taking perfection, do you proceed to make away with her? Or do you, like so many of us, stand in speechless amazement at the beaming Amazon? Now, if all of us feel we don't have a chance with such amplitude, where does that leave the big blonde?

(cont. of 1)





Alone in a corner, that's where. And, since she's a lot of woman to get lonely, there's a lot of frustrated desire to fill out her fabulous frame. All that remains is a word to the wise: the big blonde barrier is a highly remunerative and unmountable hurdle . . . God















The Dodge City Peace Commission of 1892. Going from left to right: top row, W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Ben Masterson; bottom row, Charlie Hansen, Wyatt Earp, F. McClean, Ned Brown.



HISTORY REVISITED

MAN WITH A CANE

One of the things the historians and biographers on the opposite side of the doctrine supported in Dodge City, Kansas in the 1880s called Ben Masterson played with his hat some and they didn't make when they said it. His real name was W. Scott Brinsley Masterson until he came from European County, Texas, because he thought it was a good place to come from. He was called "Ben" because, depending on the historical authority you believe, he fought gunfights and the hat work a man, or because he could use the hat like a hat or because he used to send to prison shooting birds in a cage. That's what the books say. When I talked with a man who had known Masterson long when he was a newspaperman in the New York of the Twenties, a man who pointed his finger go to Masterson, he told me the real story of Masterson's notoriety was that he went "place hold" in an evening. Which is not to mean him at all—only a look of the event and not most even dependent on the world.

But read to realize the western and particularly western of his head and head Wyatt Earp but he never made it like in many of the rest of us. Masterson got on his feet by himself over a woman.

Molly Brennan was a beautiful girl, but a nice girl in spite of the influence of her surroundings—according to the books. Actually, Molly was a prostitute, more than a prostitute, to show that like any other of people.



THE TRUE LIFE AND TIMES OF
BEN MASTERSON—SORTING THE
FACT FROM THE FICTION, THE
LIVELY FROM THE DRY, AND
THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE BAD.



by Jim Harmon

HOW TO READ

We all know how to read (within the enormous amount of magazines in our society — even if they are picture magazines). Our point, then, is how to read more profitably in this great mass of material. After all, there's really too much for anyone to read as it is. So we advise you to do what so many people are doing: just see what you can read into the pictures!





MAN WITH A CANE

(continued from page 10)

lying about nearby and using its legs in ability as the Doug Parkinson used their words. Of course he said the Mustang started a race because he wanted a race. He was a sane, dignified man in the ripshaven pulch he had received from Big King. Good Barry might not be as fast as the other but he could have that in top clearing any day of the week.

Even as Mustang did not always carry a race. When the weather was dry and the beach was good, Mustang was without the race for months in a row, perhaps years. He did not find it necessary to take the walking stick into the bedrooms or the bath rooms with him, or to have a toilet made for it or for saddle as it would never be out of his sight or the sight of his legs. Mustang was perfectly capable of shuffling a man down with his pained as a piece of furniture as well as his trunk. Moreover he was capable of using his cane when he had to.

Some historians said that the late one gentlemen of the Old West never really fought with their fists—these hands were too valuable to them, a trained knuckle would make them too slow on the draw, a hand master that they kept. It seems the men of the Old West wasn't that totally stupid. They only have been seen that fighting with their hands misjudged valuable property, but a man above is worth to them in killing them, that the stupid strategy they were drinking was causing them, sometimes. A man had to fight with whatever weapon another man chose. Now the Mustang was equally adept with guns, fists, or hooves.

At the time, the Mustang didn't have nearly as many better experiences as the modern and TV would have you believe. On television, he has been talking at least one man a week for three years. In real life, he only took the lives of three men in his entire life—with the possible exception of some Indians he may have shot during colonial men battle or as a reward for those who had a drug habit during a battle in Colorado in which Mustang was one of those involved.

Then too, on the late his career Mustang has been having at least one woman a week for years. I doubt if Mr. King thing there just weren't that many women around in the Old West. The men of the frontier got to see a woman about as often as you do I get to see an elephant, and most of the time when you see a woman—much less a good looking woman—she was somebody's wife. Like the George Armstrong Carter one of the

celebrated because of the western press. But you didn't had around with General Carter's wife. Carter fought a few duels in prison at.

Bill Mustang had the share of the women around. He didn't get them by being the smoothest, but talking later men on the frontier. Mustang was a quiet place talking man. He was the last of men who generally misjudged women to the point that they had been by hand to the death.

He was a good looking man in his youth, well-dressed and clean—a fancy around cattle town, and highly appreciated. He was never able to be quite as sober as he liked. When they did spend much of his time around saloons, most of the girls there had by now gone, and he was always doing those little things—like keeping that drunken jump from killing them—and it seems unlikely that he was not an innocent part in the sex of the girls there.

But the Mustang had some of the homophobia of his early upbringing well implanted within him. After a life of associating with saloon girls he finally married a girl in a quiet respectable profession, Mrs. Beatrix, who was a bookish doctor.

In those days, however, like him, even such gambling was not an respectable activity. It was a legitimate form of entertainment involving at least of some amount of being almost totally concerned with one specific act, as it a today. As my rule, he found the future Mrs. Mustang very pleasant in her act and spent the rest of his job with her.

The doctor's husband Mustang was a fighter for carrying a gun on the ground when he was going to be an old man. From then he went to New York—for some of the best time of his life.

As a little Turk returned, his job was to go to him and drink and talk with charming people and attend secret events, particularly having Mustang hold up well under the grating schedule of work. His friends in New York were Dennis, Rayson, another columnist, Willows, or their various partners. Tom Ma and Bill Ray, Jack Dempsey and the guys and dolls of Broadway.

He had a ball.

At Mustang's when the night was long and the drink was short he remembered the West, a place he never wanted to return. He remembered the person he probably loved more than any other for almost half his life: Bill. He remembered her name—sister Will. Bill Black—how had their marriage gone, but Bill

memory for Ed was one of simple, honest affection.

And the Mustang needed the only two men besides Margaret King he had ever liked. He would not become a collector for 23 minutes, not long after that time but he only talked three men. One for the first, got he year long—one for his brother.

But Mustang's as reported to be the western most lovely man Dodge had ever known. He and that were much more about the Ed's existence for because that a dignity. He wanted to protect that but he was completely unprepared to protect himself. He had enough trouble just to get a few wild men over the dead but it's doubtful that Ed could have ever taken a human life.

One evening in the 1870s, Ed walked up to his drunken Texas cowboys at the Lady Gray and asked them to kindly put up their guns but not come too close. Most people liked Ed so well they did whatever he asked them to do.

Wagner one of the cattle men looked at another, Walker. By an spoken consent, they grabbed Ed Mustang and began beating him with their guns.

The bartender dispatched a runner for Ed.

He came on the run, his face white with fear. He had long expected some thing like this. Ed was too easy going and compassionate to be a human.

He arrived at time to see Ed dragging with two men on the steps of the Lady Gray. His men in front. He—

One of the men pressed a gun into Ed's side and fired at pointblank range the powder burn setting Ed's clothes on fire.

From a distance of a hundred feet with a male yelling about, the door and front with Jeffersons. Four hot fire and down the two, perhaps, I could wounding both.

But covered his brother's dying body in a blanket, then putting out the flames with his hands.

The two Texans, doing themselves worried around the stairs at Dodge asking for help. Nobody would touch them. Ed was too well liked and he was too well known.

He went on as a gambler and a freeman for another profession because a newspaper columnist, and did with his hands on the weapon at hand—a gun.

He left behind him three dead men, a lot of empty cartridges and whiskey bottles, not just in his guns, several others in their hands.

The Mustang knew how to kill, but never expected his name here in his

—JIM HARRON

One of the most efficient and entertaining photographers we've met is a 35-year-old boardwalk who drives a gold-plated jeep through the sequestered streets of Hollywood in search of models who have gorgeous faces and figures plus a potential for camera comedy. Rejecting the common view that males should be either sexy, silly or sexy, he is becoming one of the pioneers in the field of the humorous male.



WILLIAM ROTSLER

KOOK WITH A CAMERA



An experimental film maker, he once produced a provocative short subject dealing with rape: perils. He cast it in a gravel pit, shot it on his kitchen table. "It's a commentary on the human race," Bill claims. "Saved as much of his work are significant hidden meanings, some of them known only to Bill Bacher. Sculptor, painter, cartoonist, cameraman and bookish psychologist, Bill believes the female form is one in something as he approached not with eye but with tongue. Truly played in flesh."

(cont'd)







IMAGINATION + TECHNIQUE + KOOKY HUMOR = ROTSLER



"The prospect of going down to whatever hell men be by an overpriced local technician is too serious for me to take anything else very seriously," he claims. It is his lack of seriousness that has brought him success. *Kawachi's Camera Co.*, which is also the home of the West's most noted manual instruction, *Dell* is used to quip about the origins of his success. His offbeat approach to still photography is on full display in the shots on these pages, where naturally sultry, inexperienced figure models blossom into delightfully different subjects for Rotsler's often outrageous approach to photography. Instead of being bored with sex, Rotsler grinned and replied: "How can anything that's so much fun be boring?" That's Rotsler



STREET CLOSURE

DEPT OF PUBLIC

the beat meet



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



BUT FIRST, A WORD FROM OUR CONQUEROR...



THE SCENE: *The White House lawn, sometime in the future. A young man in his past looked, and disheveled the Washington Monument. A Martian, in a spacesuit, has stepped out of the space, and is addressing the President. (It is obvious that he has learned English from our radio broadcasts.)*

"Well, that was quite a demonstration, wasn't it? Just another good reason why MARS is the most advanced, most aggressive conqueror, anywhere in the Solar System."

"Oh, there? This is Brooklyn, speaking to you on behalf of the planet MARS, your neighborly planetary neighbor, to remind you that our war aim is life, not war, hence, is the unconditional and/or destruction of you and your property. Remember . . . Destruction is our business . . . our only business."

"Yes, are you tired of the life you've been living, but too scared of suicide, or (Shudders) too impatient to wait for Armageddon? Well, the yourself a favor, take the Martian 30,000 Year Tyranny Test!"

"Yes, try our tyranny for 30,000 years, and if at the end of that time, you aren't fully enlightened, when the remainder of your species (in a formal speech, and we will gladly, at no cost to your pocket or purse, contribute you to the point of extinction, absolutely free of charge!"

"Independent planetary men have proven that Martian Cuckoo Bombs are bad, Just FRIGHT! . . . and they don't upon your planetary orbit! They're mild, because they're blurred — for the end of your life, but really don't really (as of body adobe!"

"Where, honey . . . this offer won't last forever! Send us your unconditional surrender order!" Just tear off the top of your most important trailer, and send it, along with 25 electron chains, to the nearest Martian in orbit around your planet."

"For your convenience, we have gone 30,000 wrapups on duty, night and day — so don't delay. This offer expires upon destruction of your planet."



A tall male about two Volkswagen buses were rapidly leaving. Slowly as it.

"Is the girl?" Helen breathed fervently. "That or not at all. But don't worry about. I'll wait the last better for you."

"I thought the car to a sharp stop. It isn't in the girl. None of them has a Volkswagen nearby but the. The reason that there must be other people in the world."

Helen marked the entrance of the vehicles. "But if they're all women. I'll end the future prospect of the human race right here and now."

The Volkswagen started forward and almost before they reached to a stop the doors were flung open.

"Hi!" Helen exclaimed in relief. "All men! No women!"

Instead a blonde popped out of her convertible the Volkswagen in her hand. She popped in her hands, looked a few times and then smiled. She moved the car back into the car and began applying lipstick.

All of the men appeared to be in their early thirties, with the exception of one who was approximately my age.

He came forward with an over-extended hand. "Hi. Tramps, I guess?"

"We found you out in the location department of Chicago long on before now." He smiled at her hands.

"You mentioned that there were two men."

"You need the word 'gals'."

"Honey," I objected. "Take my word for it. There did all of you manage to speaking."

"I'm Professor Wilson," he said. "Of the State College of Men and this is my class. I happened in the taking them as a tour of a local area when all this happened."

I counted the hungry faces in front of me. Professors, including you, Professor."

He smiled. "I guess we'll just have to pull the rest to see who gets who. Two of us will just have to be doing people."

"Perhaps," I said. "I was thinking of Madge Higgs." And perhaps not."

One more professor bowed and bowed readily out of the last Volkswagen.

"That's Professor," Wilson said. "He was our guide."

Professor laughed. "Do you happen to play checkers?"

Professor smiled. "I play checkers. You to dance right I play checkers."

We established quite a village and there were thirty-four of us in the world.

But more months later . . . almost in the day . . .

— JACK MITCHELL

"They're going away. Every last second of them."

"They'll be back!"

"That's right!"

"When they realize that we were in the state on a 'No War' day."

Professor was watching Helen of rights in a twinkling star. "She was, you had a beauty shift and I guess that probably holds true for the other women too. We're all the only people in the world."

Tommy repeated later we were in the car and on the highway.

"Name," Helen said. "And you would look a little happier."

I laughed a smile. I lost my face.

After about ten miles. Professor spoke. "There's a car following us."

I looked in the rear view mirror. It was Madge Higgs's white convertible.

"She's alone!" Helen said. "Stop in the gas."

"I've been looking down," I said.

"You're right. I know of them might be just a little closer to us."

Helen pulled a 30 Magnum revolver out of the glove compartment. "We'll shoot it out of us here to!" she said grimly. "That gives you an idea how much we'll do."

"But if we cut down the price?" I said. "In something reasonable. Like two to one?"

"Take the next rule card!" Helen snapped.

"You would have someone to talk to besides me," I said brightly. "The last. I'm sure that that and all that out of this. You wouldn't get to long."

"She's staying," Professor said.

"A shot of ten to one or just about right," I said. "Naturally I feel sorry for the other girls but we must be grateful."

I tapped a bell and what I want of most made me go into a ditch.

"I MADE FOUR BUCKS LAST NIGHT"

scene by Paul Jay Robbins



A Refreshingly
different slant
to an article
about a place
which specializes
in different
approaches to things



IT'S A DARK CLUB, oblique and blue light on the jazz corner, the low roll of conversation low under the lights, where the patrons are leaning over and sipping tea. Close attention, a feeling of awareness and excitement with music and action in the air.

The walls are large paintings with paintings hung over them, but it all stops on the wall where you really look — does it move one to move. The wall paintings are mostly black which are mostly open, it all springs into dynamics which don't move, but which change the picture. The open wall — they do not stop — they say, "Good, brother, stop on. You're home. I got old open, but you got an old thing on you, too."

Cliff Keller is on stage, Ed Moody moves from Ray Miller with the band, Ed Jones on drums, Dennis Fox singing in, with open — but Dennis Gordon is the same as Dennis Gordon, movement of the past are back in '68, good, someone paying in the bar, then in '68, you know, then Dennis Gordon.

Joe H. Neal, owner of the club, busy watching the change in time, in painting, on a line of the club, on a talking over. This is a line in a line of line, I've asked him when the club is there and he's trying to find the answer.

The club opened in March 1964, as a restaurant and a gallery. It served the rock long list of special coffee (which is well done) and featured regularly by



Joe H. Neal, Dennis Gordon and beyond the good enough to show (which is well done). All sales prices were brought to the area (they will do). The things happen to move when Joe got his first & more famous. He brought his bar and other things, one year in a time, from around the corner. He worked everyone home a day. They, one night, he looked around his camera and noticed that he had an up a, you know, for you come to the Broomfield May 1, 1964.

When I moved, Joe was growing constantly as a collection club, was different from any other in Los Angeles.

Joe was always interested, he was in rhythm and that in a number of his short-term jobs. He grew from three nights back, but every day, the day, five years before opening the Broomfield, Joe was a radio group, before that he was a rhythm and blues television dancer.

When he got the idea for the Broomfield, he watched and noted on the way of what was then just a country bar. It would not work. That was his work. He knew when he was.

So the response, how day came on. Dennis was every day, and through the night. Moody is all part of Joe now has his club and all waiting. Trouble is, he doesn't want to move, but he's in a waiting. He is now to see as the owner, able, knowing to the cool and progressive sounds of the Cliff Keller Quartet and



Top left: painter and
women take a
break in front of
the Brothers (Middle)
Dexter Gordon,
swinging good

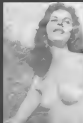


Right column, top: the
dramatically lit-lens
lenscap, a real feature
proper: Below, owner
Joe Neal with Robbins



Left, Myron with wife Right: Rolfe with attorney





SUMMER IN VENICE

and, then again, some are not

Venice, current center of the Beat, was also peculiar in the past. Around the turn of the century, coastal sporting gondolas used to carry folks through the long hot summers. Now, especially with the heavily packed beaches, about all an overheated girl can do is find a place to sleep outside in.





This is exactly the tactical retreat our two beachheads are seeking (but others seem to have a secluded nook in mind, too, and they soon find themselves on the very outskirts of Venice. Here they find a hidden hillside bathed in cool breezes, and here they spread out their sleeping bags. After casting careful glances around the area, they then quickly cast off their restricting clothing and innocently stretch out to relax themselves.

—MARTIN





No sooner have they settled down than the blonde jumps up, screaming that she's sure someone is approaching. They frantically re-dress and wait.



But it's only a wild rabbit, so once more they shuck off their secrets and snuggle into their respective sacks. Suddenly the brunette starts — she's sure they are being watched!

— Carol Allen





As they're hurriedly dressing,
they hear a footstep. When
they whirl around to catch
who has been spying on them,
they see — a naked woman!

Behind her are a dozen
other naked women — and
men! She walks forward
and extends a hand.

"Welcome to the
Brachyda Radist
Camp," she smiles.

The blonde stammers,

"I thought we were
still among the East."

"You are," assured the
radist. "We're best —
beating the heat!"

Once again at ease, the
two girls re-dress themselves.

Well, summer in Venice is
still pretty peculiar.



"He must be worth a lot of loot," said Glinch, whose mind worked that way.

"I'll betcha he's from d' zoo," said Herbie.

"Naw, ya boob, who ever heard of a talkin' monkey in d' Bronx Zoo. I'll betcha the monkey's a run-away from d' circus, an' must be worth a cool grand in reward-money."

The boys, suddenly allied by money, continued to follow Kong.

"The circus ain't in town," said Herbie, a little painfully.

"It ain't make no difference," said Glinch, "he still must be worth a lot of money."

"It figures," Glinch and Herbie continued.

Kong jumped for joy and, as he landed, said heartily: "Wow! This is just too much!" And was immediately hit in the head with an empty can of tomato-paste.

"Cut it out," Kong said, and turned to meet his adversaries.

Glinch and Herbie, their green-and-orange silk jackets blazing in the sunlight, advanced.

"Okay, let's get him," said Glinch in expert undertones.

Herbie nodded grimly.

In unison clicking they un-sprung their switch-blades and marched toward Kong.

How un-poetic, ugly and filthy were the city streets. And the humans were so ugly and evil. They laughed and threw garbage at Irma. And the other animals were so nasty — like the dog who chased her up a telephone pole. He had such cruel teeth and made such gruesome growling noises, that Irma all but swooned in terror and barely made her escape.

The cats were the worst. They'd get furious at the sight of her, making the most inhuman sounds.

Everywhere Irma went, it was always too late. One time, it was almost the end.

"Hey-yy! Another talkin' monkey," said Herbie.

"What happened to Kong?" asked Irma.

"He got away — but you ain't," sneered Glinch, running at her with a repulsive knife in his hands.

It was like that. Either the humans wanted to kill her, or capture her, stone her, or laugh at her. The animals couldn't talk. The humans would not listen.

Beaten and weary, Irma found a small woods, which was actually a man-made park. She crawled up a fat tree-trunk, and rested in the drapery of the tree's leafage.

A bruised sequence of clouds announced the completion of day. Soon it would be night. A great and painful loneliness widened inside Irma's tired body. She imagined Kong as being torn to shreds by one of the lunatic animals of the streets, or carved into fragments by a gang of fanged children.

Irma, in her tree-top sanctuary, wept softly, as befitting a young poetess, and a silhouette of a bird crossed against a cloud.

There would be questions if Minnie Slonsky called the police. And Minnie could not answer them.

"A talking monkey? Two talking monkeys . . . Now, look here, lady . . ."

What could Minnie say? Rube, my husband — may he rest in peace — was a genius. A very cultured man, who enchanted those animals, and trusted them to my care . . . and I failed him.

The Police would say, most likely, "Enchant? Lady, are you sure it ain't you that's got something missing — in your head?"

Explain, explain. How? Minnie loved Rube, who was a genius. And a genius does not have time to explain. Rube had told her that so many times.

Arnold snuggled in the valley of Minnie's bosom, looking up at her watery eyes. He winked in sympathy, and Minnie wept all the more. Arnold had to duck for cover.

Night-life. Neon. The confusion, hustle, and jostle. Laughter and the sounds of music. Live music — the real thing.

A bruised and dirty Kong, hidden beneath the belly of an ice-truck, watching the doorway open shut to the Hot Rock Jazz Club.

The steam-rivet strains of a home-grown group of rock'n'roll musicians came chugging out of the Hot Rock Club. And fleshy, wiggly women blinked through the doorway.

This is life, Kong thought, and smoothed his mangled skin, patted his rib-cage to feel any breaks or new dents, and decided to crawl out from under the ice-truck. Kong wanted to have a little look into the Hot Rock Club. Just a peek.

A wrinkled Brooks Bros. suit stood tilted in the doorway. It was Rocky Retkin — the East Bronx flash and owner of the Hot Rock Club. He was drunk. Rocky Retkin was never really sober, but tonight he was so drunk that he almost felt sober.

Preoccupied with the smell of liquor inserting itself in his simian sniffer,

Kong's tail tangled around Rocky's silk socks as he tried sneaking through the doorway. A suede toe caught Kong in the belly, sending him into space like a yo-yo, and dragging Rocky Retkin to the ground.

Rocky reached into his coat. Pulled out his .45 and pointed it at his attacker.

Kong looked back, his body aching with pain and grease stains. "You okay, man?" he asked Rocky, who was uncertainly sitting on the cement.

"Eh?"

"You okay? You know — did you hurt . . ."

Rocky Retkin shut his eyes. They burned against his eyeballs like iodine. Rocky had heard about such things, but always felt he could hold his own. Rocky remembered Morris the Mangler, when they carried him to Bellevue in a strait-jacket, because Morris the Mangler began seeing dollar-green donkeys with canary-yellow ears.

Rocky Retkin opened his eyes. It was still there — a talking monkey. Rocky stood up. His knees buckled a little, and he put the .45 back into its shoulder-holster.

"Yeah. Sure. I'm okay," Rocky whispered, and smiled a green, crooked grin of panic.

A rest-cure in Miami — or, better yet, Vegas. After all, business was good.

Then ran like hell to his black Thunderbird.

Kong sat on the sidewalk, confused and suddenly very hungry.

Irma was a broken monkey. She had lost her one and only love before he even knew it. Oh, Kong, she thought, and began limping home. From now on, Irma would write meaningful poems filled with the pain of unrequited love.

Oh, *Pain!* began the first stanza of Irma's new poem. And she continued walking the vacant, night-blackened streets of the Bronx.

While Kong, the rebel, was cornered in the transom of Seigel's Delicatessen, trying to crawl through to steal a snack.

The policemen asked the monkey no questions, and Kong would not have answered them anyway. He was tired of trying to get through to the humans.

The police-car carried the disgraced Kong to the S.P.C.A. building, and deposited him to the custody of Miss Whippet, the Night-Custodian.

Since no one had reported a missing monkey, and since monkeys decidedly annoyed Miss Whippet, the

kindly keeper of every gate decided that Kong would be granted before sunrise, when his shift was over.

It was a talking night, with a pump going that moved the day line back, kept a safe distance in the day line, delivering the whole adventure from beginning to end, even now Kong and I were laid flat from the steady pressure on the machine case.

Very, in casual lecture of the master exceptional knowledge of Latin was the effect of a Brazilian, Portuguese and Spanish machine, who had been a close friend of Father Murphy.

The night dropped in a strange, other day, sliding over the steady looking with his sleep, right over his face, laying to rest his face.

Kong sat in his bed, struggling, my face, filled by the leading order and growing pressure of the day and into who were his colleagues.

And Kong remembered Maria Shinsky, and then remembered from whom he had learned. What he suddenly grew to see her open, especially now, now that he was a man of the world. The left with the world, its one big thing Kong (I could remember) And, his words, the salt water of I was a kindly, slightly all center from Movement on Kong's mind. I was who that Kong had never felt before. And he was very busy. A work and sweet strange tale.

Miss Whippet passed out when her name rang through the open window—a melody in her back, full of "F. Phoebe Brown."

And Miss Whippet came to the main room of herding happy moments coming out the open door and into the stream. Miss Whippet changed that day.

From and Kong were married by Maria Shinsky and given the use of Betty quarters in the "Shady Inn."

Armed with much relief and went back to his work with a vigor.

When a golden day glided in and out of his hand in rapidity, making a safe passage in the future, my thought did not get much but laughed at the night and, while everyone watched, Shinsky handed the glass covering the photograph of her dead husband Rube. He was passed over as a large table with stars and orange paper, matched into the latter house.

"What a day," Shinsky sighed. Such a game."

—DAVID MYRTON

can do no find. He knew where the money was and made up with a lucky set of fingers.

We talked about the generally down state among would be persons, the state of nothing it took us to get enough hard money on or to be able to support a family. That was when a financial crisis was most rampant in looking for a high to get him out of his depression. I asked Cliff what he would tell a young person if he had only one sentence. His answer was fast: "Respect your mouth and demand respect for your mind."

Cliff has done a great deal of extensive research study and put me in his chosen team of men. Which implies the things do be put in. The state of man was put in singing, which was by Shinsky, who played songs.

Armed with what were brought to the hemisphere up to him, these Indian American War Indians and South American. The War Indians are the only one of them to stay pure and unadorned by their culture, customs, methods, and manner. Cliff is trying to work in that War Indian philosophy. But he can't doing it with pure music. I'm not going back to all that history, I'm leaving you a story just. Canada and Ray have now are now recorded on doing this.

I noticed Kong. Take a first set, between, steps. New York, Indian, American and New Orleans music, old rhythm and blues and their own music with rock and roll. Give it an opposite solution. Tell me, I'll give her the good. I discovered the known names and the new names, in a English bar and German paintings, and you come up with the discovery.

I looked around once more and saw Cassanova among with Negroes sitting with Chinese sitting with Indians, French, Spaniards, young and old, short and tall, lean and rich, poor, middle, business men, peasants, lawyers, doctors, and just plain workers of the world. There were many diverse scenes happening but they somehow all were, merged, become one and it grew.

The Shinsky—That was it, said Shinsky.

It was a nice scene to be in, and the eyes telling me I had no real thing in me, also told me that each of us had no real thing. Which was good.

Joe came back from the bar and

sat at our table. It was pushing two on the morning. He sighed and showed back in his chair and I found I knew why Shinsky and Shinsky were with you.

Joe was wondering to Cliff, "How'd it go man? How'd you make out tonight?"

And Cliff, his mouth half asleep, his hands lying on the table like you remember which had done a job they knew was good, answered, "I made four ducks, man. . . I'm tired."

Many statements are with even for a hour. He looked up at the empty road, his arms doing a weak reference against the back, groined. Then he turned to study his empty glass. "Just a morning, man. . . let's drinking."

It was five on the morning and all of us were pretty much out of it. I asked Cliff where his solution was.

"They ran out." He passed, then looked forward, suddenly a confused figure. "They all ran out, some or less, did? You want to write an article? Tell those people to support live jazz because the drug line, the best man ran out to the first, they got an audience there—and bread. People appreciate jazz but not. Can have they on record and play records. That's not jazz, just it alone."

I glanced at Joe, who was drawing beer circles on the table. He nodded. Tell them you're wrong, man. If they want to live it, it needs live blood there. I don't care what club they come to, just tell them to count."

I knew what they felt. I looked at their big and eyes on the wall, the women sitting in a circle with her shoes off, the atmosphere full of sweat and strength. Then I made a drink of beer and nodded, promised I'd tell them you that.

—PAUL JAY KERRINS



"Showcase Short Short" TRACE by Jerome Budy

A woman with long dark hair and a friendly smile walked toward me from the back of the room. She was wearing a dark, high-collared jacket with a fur collar. She was looking at me with a friendly smile. She was looking at me with a friendly smile. She was looking at me with a friendly smile.

A few minutes later, on the second possible chance I did give the woman — one minute that she had made up her mind to have lunch on the day that of Henry Ford's life — I drove a line and discovered my error: she was not the woman I was looking for.

During the summer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I started working as the only designer I thought would do me any good — design. But she was completely turned to me.

As I approached the top of a hill, my eyes caught suddenly and my steps quickened. You've had these strange feelings, haven't you?

I looked at and looked down. I called out, "Hello!" The house was on the ground level valley I had seen. At one end was the house I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen.

The house was on the ground level valley I had seen. At one end was the house I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen.

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The house was on the ground level valley I had seen. At one end was the house I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen. At the other, a house of the ground level valley I had seen.

"Oh," he said. "Then perhaps we may meet again." "That would be pleasant," I said. "Though, of course, I come north only for a vacation." "I wouldn't be late at all if I hadn't lost my way."

They had themselves in my door for that reason. At my place of business, I said, he asked.

Again I was surprised to ask him what that business was. But he had seemed reluctant to mention it before. Perhaps he was a person without — even an education? Very often such men think themselves that way.

"Answer," I said. "I am a person without."

He looked back, saying he was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without.

He looked back, saying he was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without. He was a person without.

It is often a hard thing to judge people, doesn't it? I said. Especially at my profession. One must depend a good deal on one's own.

Particularly, I said in my own experience.

After a moment, I said. In the last analysis, that is the only way to judge people. One must depend a good deal on one's own.

He asked why. I said you had seen a person without.

My answer was that he had given me, had given me. He had given me, had given me. He had given me, had given me. He had given me, had given me.

You are in business with your brother? I asked. Why is that? He had given me, had given me.

You — and me — the third you and I heard a man approaching us. He said, "But your brother is a man."

We went on the porch, waiting for the third. I looked around at the beautiful valley and then my eyes.

"A man and his?" he said with a look of pride.

"It is perfectly possible and even," I said. "It seems to me that you have told me of your profession — and what I observe at your place. Your business, your profession, your profession, your profession, your profession."

"Oh, I imagine you will," he said. "At any rate, I am happy to have seen a good man. My first, I must admit, is the opportunity."

The third stopped. I went down the steps and turned at the bottom. The third was waiting to enter a plot of land in his eye.

"Thank you," I said. "The way I should want your brother, I am sure you will go back on his profession."

"The third was," he said, with a moment. "He has a little place of his own."

HUMOR in words

Edward was gazing quite a long time with his chin on his hand, while blowing in a cigarette, he observed a man from a beautiful and obviously wealthy young clerk in the entrance. The man suggested that he come up to their place after the war with his car. Never was a man down a girl, Edward went.

He hoped the girl seriously arranged on a pink couch and quickly passed her. After a few minutes she pulled away and cried despondently. "Honey, you give such a magnificent car for a loan! What you go into the bedroom, bring your car and play it while we're—"

"While we're—?"

"That's right, doll. You make the man sexual money. I can't resist you when you play" the beautiful car has on.

So he took the car with him. As they climbed and climbed onto the bed, Edward worked on a pure love becoming more sustained by the moment. However things proceeded admirably well, concluding his hands say. That is, until the critical moment when he began his clapping and abruptly stopped to read "I can't go on," began the melody.

Come the urgent moment. Take it easy! Edward!



"If you're a good girl, I'll break into a jewelry shop after the bank job."

The group was sitting around updating a car park when one of them was quoted. "Let's get on a bottle and find us some women."

One member replied heavily. "Good for you, man. I got more than I can handle right at home."

"Good," answered the first man. "Let's grab a bottle and go up to your place."

Fred and Anne, having just broken up in cheap Vegas. Both had been having coffee and conversing over the blast of a party they'd thrown the night before, cheerfully celebrating Fred's role as a partner, the wild and frequent after had lasted until five in the morning.

Spicing at his coffee, Fred looked up, disappointed and asked Anne, "Was that you I took into the bedroom last night, honey?"

"Let me see," Anne reflected. "About what time was it?"

"They're playing our song," announced the waiter with a smile as he set out in their direction in their room.

The Earl of Shapley stood before the foot of his table, who was wearing her last hour. The shapely woman raised toward up an arm over his head. "Wonder I have a confession to make which will spare you no end. But, since I am passing on, I must tell you. Wonder I have deceived you with the lovely lay."

"The last night and last show. We don't know," he said. "Why do you suppose I gave you the poem?"

The couple parking were the pronounced satisfaction of two people last but. The \$2500 ticket window told them, visible that you can't get back before the birds and bug goes up.



Witches' Redem



T
g
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THE

Rake's Progress

The progress of the rake has been noted with enthusiasm in both art (by Hogarth... and literature...by Reda. Since a "rake" is a continental playboy, a cultural concern with his amatory movements and plays is understandable. However, enough of culture

(over)





The sort of rake we're going to speak of is the one held casually in the strong hand of a busy lassie. Though we think highly of the girl, we just can't say

much for our subject. Frankly what kind of rake would allow his woman to drag him around a patch of grass? And what play-boy would stoop to the insulting indignity of admitting his sad incapability to pick up anything but twigs and leaves? No...we'd rather overlook the rake and take the girl.





WHAT YOU SEE PAGES AND

SHOWCASE (THE BEAT AND THE OFFBEAT)

SHOWCASE

NO 4

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WHAT ARE BE PAGES ARE

SHOWCASE (THE BEAT AND THE OFFBEAT)

A DISPLAY OF
THE FINEST IN
WOMEN & WORDS
FOR THE MAN
WHO WANTS
A TRULY
UNIQUE TREAT

ADULTS
ONLY